

The Hampden-Sydney Tiger

April 27, 2023

"The Hampden-Sydney student will behave as a gentleman at all times and in all places."

Issue CIII.6

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON TO SPEAK AT COMMENCEMENT

Photo courtesy of hsc.edu



WYATT THORNTON '26
STAFF WRITER

Famous astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson has been selected to give the commencement address for the 247th Hampden-Sydney Commencement. Dr. Tyson was selected for his prominence as a scientist in order to help conclude President Larry Stimpert's goal for a "year of science" at the college, which started with the opening of the Pauley Science Center in the fall semester.

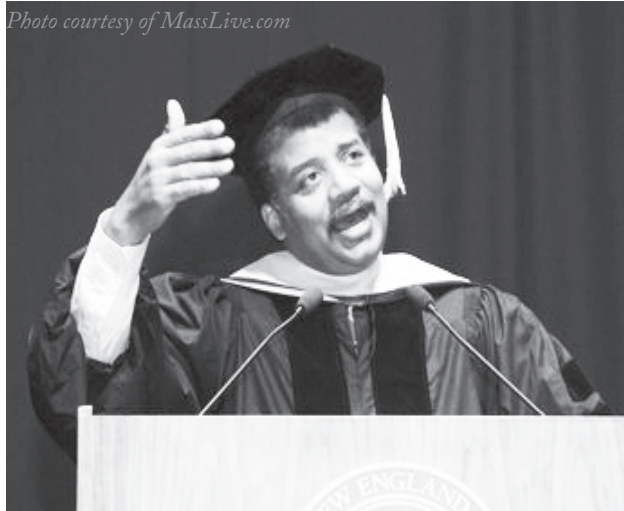
Neil deGrasse

Tyson is a scientist and author. He studied physics at Harvard and completed graduate work at the University of Texas at Austin and Columbia University. He is a recipient of the NASA Distinguished Public Service Medal, has authored many books, has been featured on numerous forms of media, and has received honorary doctorates from numerous educational institutions.

Dr. Tyson was invited for being a prominent contemporary scientist. He was vetted and ap-

proved through a committee process, and the committee was "enthusiastic" about inviting him, President Stimpert recounts. An invitation was sent to Dr. Tyson and he accepted. "It's kind of remarkable some-

Photo courtesy of MassLive.com



times what happens when you just sent a letter," Stimpert said. Arranging for the details of his arrival took some back and forth between Dr. Tyson's agent and the College, but ultimately his arrival was secured.

Baccalaureate is scheduled for Friday, May 12, on Venable Lawn with a reception to follow on the back lawn of Middle Court, with the rain location for baccalaureate being at Fleet Gymnasium. Commencement is scheduled for Saturday, May 13, also on Venable Lawn, with the rain location being at Kirby Field House.

For baccalaureate, Matt Tuggle '03, a minister from the Highland Park United Methodist Church located in Dallas, Texas, has been selected

to give the address. President Stimpert commented that "I think it's going to be a really inspirational message for our graduates and their families to hear."

Traditionally, commencement and baccalaureate speakers are awarded by the College in the form of honorary degrees: This year the college will be awarding three such degrees, one to Dr. Tyson, one to Matt Tuggle, as well as one to Scott Nickerson '95, Senior Vice President for Manufacturing

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PHI ALPHA THETA HOSTS SANDERS FOREIGN POLICY ADVISOR

DANIEL MARSDEN '23
STAFF WRITER

Hampden-Sydney is a hub for foreign policy experts from all walks of the political field. Ambassadors, politicians, spies, and campaign managers: there are few members of the foreign policy arena that have not presented a subject or hosted a discussion about one section of foreign policy or another on the grounds of the College. Now among this storied number is foreign policy expert Matthew Duss.

When Dr. Andre Pagliarini of the History Department introduced Duss, his resume was as impressive as it was lengthy. "From 2017–2022, Matthew served as foreign policy advisor to Senator Bernie Sanders (I-Vt).

He also served as foreign policy director for the Sanders 2020 presidential campaign. From 2014–2016, he served as President of the Foundation for Middle East Peace. From 2008–2014, he was a policy analyst and national security editor at the Center for American Progress, where he directed the Center's Middle East Progress program. His writing has appeared in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Foreign Affairs*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, the *American Prospect*, and many other publications." Duss is a foreign policy expert with a special focus on the Middle East, and the talk that followed Dr. Pagliarini's introduction proved that Duss was truly an incredibly knowledgeable and prag-

matic individual. Duss began the talk by describing the goal of politically progressive individuals in "building a progressive foreign policy movement". This idea is as recent as the war in Iraq, trying to take lessons learned from that conflict and understand why the conflict happened in the first place. The prime danger that arose from this conflict, Duss concluded, was the dangers of a new Cold War with Russia, China, and Iran due to the foreign policy ideas that were propagated during the course of the Iraq war. As ideals of American interventionism rose, so too did the other world powers in their wariness and anti-American stances. And while the progres-

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MUSIC PROGRAM HOSTS SPRING MUSICALE

DANIEL MARSDEN '23
STAFF WRITER

This past Wednesday, a modest crowd of around fifty people gathered in Brinkley Hall to enjoy an evening of music at the Hampden-Sydney Spring 2023 Musicale. The concert was lively, entertaining, and extremely casual. It gave students at various proficiency levels a chance to showcase their talents. There were songs from a wide range of genres.

The program began with a sequence of three piano performances. First, Henry Whitley played *Swirls* by Paul Sheftel. Second, Nicholas Rivers played *Seascape* by William Gillock. Finally, Pierce Johnson played *Rachmaninoff's Prelude No. 2 in C# Minor*. Mr. Whitley, Mr. Rivers,

and Mr. Johnson are all taking private piano lessons with Dr. Kristen Topham.

I was able to speak with Mr. Johnson after his performance, which went quite well. "I play piano because I feel happy when I play," he said. He certainly seemed happy while he was playing.

After the piano solos, a guitar group led by Mr. Tray Eppes took the stage. Mr. Eppes has led a guitar group on campus for roughly six years, and each year the group has been slightly different. "It is cool to see the creativity" he said. This semester, the group played *HSC Blues* (a tune inspired by previous students) and *Time* by Pink Floyd.

The program concluded with a performance by the Hampden-Sydney instrumental en-

semble. According to Dr. von Rueden, who teaches the ensemble class, the group is different from year to year. "Some years we have played Mozart on violins and cellos and other years we have played songs by the Beatles," she said. "The students decide what we play." This year, the ensemble included two electric guitarists, one drummer, and one saxophonist. Together, they decided to play *Baker Street* by Geffery Rafferty, *Hey Joe* by Jimmy Hendrix, and *Heartbreak Hotel* by Elvis Presley. The ensemble's talent level was rather impressive. The audience received Hey Joe particularly well.

While Hampden-Sydney is not known for its music program, events like

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LIFE

SPOILER ALERTS NEVER SPOIL:
AIRPLANE! NEEDS AN AUTOPILOT



DANIEL NIVENS '24
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

To those of you who know me, you probably know that I am quite terrible at watching movies. Chances are if you ever ask me “Have you seen this movie?”, the answer is no. So, in an effort to make myself watch some movies, I am writing this column. In every issue of The Tiger, I will be writing a non-spoiler review of an old movie that I had never seen. These movies could be a decade old; they could be five decades old. The moral of the story is that spoiler alerts never spoil.

“A movie review? What is it?” Well, it’s an article with a lot of words, but that’s not relevant right now. That’s right, folks; for this last issue of the year, we’re taking a look at *Airplane!*. Released in 1980, *Airplane!* is a

parody of the 1957 film *Zero Hour!*. Directed by David and Jerry Zucker, the film was very successful at the time and was nominated for the Oscar for Best Motion Picture—Comedy or Musical. Since 1980, *Airplane!* has only grown in popularity and is widely considered one of the funniest movies of all time. It’s important to note before I proceed that all of the comedy has not aged the best, so if you tend to be sensitive to offensive jokes, give *Airplane!* a pass. Set on an airplane (no surprise), the movie revolves around the failing relationship between a former WWII pilot, Ted Striker, and a flight attendant, Elaine Dickinson. They’re played by Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty, respectively, and both give a good performance. While on the flight, most of the passengers,

including all of the pilots, get deathly ill, and all the madness expected of a good slapstick comedy. I’ll admit: *Airplane!* made me laugh quite a bit. However, I did not enjoy the experience as a movie. It drags, and it felt much longer than its 87 minute runtime. Much like watching *Family Guy*, *Airplane!* seems like the sort of movie that is better enjoyed as clips on Youtube Reels. I can’t discuss much about the specifics of movie, since cinematography is simply not the point. I also am not familiar with the source material, so I can’t say much about how well it parodies *Zero Hour!*. So, without spoiling the jokes and how the movie ends, all I can say is that it made me laugh and made me doze off at the same time. As such, *Airplane!* earns a solid 45%.

ONE LAST LAP:
A HAMPDEN-SYDNEY RETROSPECTIVE

DRAKE KALINOWSKI '23
NEWS WRITER

I remember the first day I set foot on the grounds of Hampden-Sydney College. I was coming from an overnight stay at Virginia Military Institute, knowing that the ultra-spartan lifestyle demonstrated at the Institute was not for me. As my father and I drove the wooded byways of rural Virginia, I asked myself what I was doing so far from home. For those who do not know, I am from a town called Littleton, in Colorado. I had just had a very unique experience at VMI, one that almost put me off coming to Virginia altogether. Unbeknownst to my father and I, we entered Hampden-Sydney ‘the wrong way’, the GPS having taken us down abilene road and turning on to college road from that direction. Instantly, the feeling that had settled over me vanished. The federal architecture, the way the sunlight was scattered through the trees on the crisp spring morning. I remember the morning of the open house, walking with my father and a group of other parents and prospective students over the grassy knolls of campus, up through historic Bagby hall, from the library to the commons, and all over campus. I remember shaking LTC. Sneads hand for the first time, speaking with current students, and over the course of that day I grew to love the place I would eventually call home for the next four years. The booming voice of Dean Sabbatini, the

southern elegance and grace that Dean Garland epitomizes, and the camaraderie I instantly saw and felt around the campus. To me, there was no other choice. There was Hampden-Sydney or there was nothing. And now, the time has come to look back. In 2019, 2023 felt as far away as the year 3000. Neither I nor the rest of my classmates could have possibly anticipated the events of the spring semester, where our semester turned asynchronous and online. The campus I had fallen in love with over the course of the fall was removed again until August of that year. But through it all, we found a way to make it work. I vividly remember waking up at four in the morning in my room in Colorado for “Zoom PT” for ROTC, and my professors who still taught synchronous lectures asking why I yawned so much during class. And before we knew it, August rolled around and the era of masked classes took over for Zoom in large part. And through the strangeness of that academic year, we made it work. We became the men that The College is famous for, almost ready to step blinking into the sunlight of the ever-daunting ‘real world’.

I think that the younger generation is often characterized by those that have come before it as being quick to panic and shut down when presented with a problem we cannot solve right away. But what have we been doing for the last three years? Since the email announcing a second week of spring break, students and teachers have worked hand in hand to constantly problem solve, understand each other, and grow into the good men and citizens that Hampden-Sydney is famous for. Looking back on the last four years here, there have been times where I found the work overbearing. I would wake up at a quarter past five for ROTC, run two miles, come back, only to attend lecture after lecture and cap it off with a handful of papers that evening. Despite the workload, the constant go-go-go of life here, there have not really been any bad days. I don’t expect there will be any going forward, not here at least. With this last week coming up, I plan to fully breathe in the deepness of life here at HSC. To see the glimmer of light through the oak trees, coming to rest softly on old red brick. To gaze at the stillness of Chalgrove, to picture the emerald sea of grass growing around campus. To say good morning to the commons workers, to say thank you to my professors, and to take one last lap around the Hill. To the underclassmen, enjoy your time here. I feel as though the day I stood, blinking up towards the third floor of Carpenter X was yesterday, only to realize it was almost four years ago to the day. Time flies by quicker than you can ever expect it to. Seize the day and make memories here now, not tomorrow. Thank you for everything, Hampden-Sydney College.

CAMPUS MARKS BEGINNING OF
ALCOHOL AWARENESS MONTH

DANIEL MARSDEN '23
STAFF WRITER

In honor of April being Alcohol Awareness Month, Associate Dean of Student Development and Wellbeing Renae Mancastroppa invited alumnus Paxton Wolfrey '94 to share his path to recovery. On April 19th, Wolfrey shared his life story with a few dozen students in Brown 208. As a student at Hampden-Sydney, Wolfrey was very engaged. He played baseball and joining the Lambda Chi fraternity. Wolfrey remarked “but I joined a fraternity, and in retrospect, that was not the best idea for me.” Wolfrey went on to say, “I love my brothers,” but he still lamented the negative habits that he picked up in that environment, including abuse of marijuana and alcohol. Despite the drug abuse, things were

looking up. Wolfrey graduated and married his high school girlfriend. After graduation, Wolfrey kept up the bad habits. He joined a brokerage firm and had a core group of friends, but “it was all about drinking.” Weekend trips to the Outer Banks turned into weeklong benders. Cocaine joined the mix. His unreliability led to his marriage falling apart, so Paxton decided to go back to school. After muddling his way through grad school, he was unable to find a job. Wolfrey explained “I lost half a dozen jobs because of my addictions.” At this time, Wolfrey received his first of multiple DUIs. “I got a DUI from a bike cop. You’ve got to be pretty bad off to do that one.” Wolfrey racked up enough DUI charges to warrant a felony. He offered some poi-

gnant advice, saying “just don’t go to jail, do everything to stay out of jail.” However, confinement gave Wolfrey time—six months—to think and to join a recovery program. He was diagnosed with “Post-Acute Withdrawal Syndrome adjustment Disorder, since Substance Abuse Disorder wasn’t in the DSM yet.” Wolfrey is clear when he says, “this is a disease.” He made a commitment to “stay and work in recovery. The disease knows no boundaries. It doesn’t matter if you’re a good citizen or a good father.” Wolfrey is still dedicated to his road to recovery, working with Narcotics Anonymous and Alcoholics Anonymous to this day. Now, Wolfrey works with Crossroads Community Services Board in Farmville to pro-

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GOT AN INTERNSHIP
OPPORTUNITY FOR
THIS SUMMER?



WANT TO SHADOW
IN AN INDUSTRY
THAT INTERESTS YOU?



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THE PEANUT GALLERY

TIGER TALES *BLINDED BY THE LIGHT: PART TWO*

JONATHAN COLEMAN '26
STAFF WRITER

Dazed and shocked, Jacob collapsed onto his knees, only just throwing out his hands in time to catch himself before his face hit the concrete floor of the alley. When he had gathered enough strength to raise his head again, he observed that the piercing whiteness before his eyes had faded out and been replaced by a void of utter blackness.

Jacob blinked frantically, trying to clear whatever fog hung over his vision, but after nothing happened for several seconds, he was forced to accept the truth.

He had been struck blind.

“Dude!” the strange young man’s voice called from somewhere above him. It had taken

on a new inflection of concern, so different from the callously detached tone it had carried only moments before. “Are you okay?”

Jacob awkwardly heaved himself into a seated position and ran his hands all over his body. Nothing seemed to be broken, although he could feel a bruise potentially developing in one or two spots.

“Dude?” the boy asked. “Come on, talk to me. What’s going on with you right now?”

“Me?” Jacob shot back. “Forget about me! What did you do? How did this happen?”

As time dragged on and the boy didn’t reply, Jacob became indignant.

“Well?” he asked. “If you did this, you had better own up to

whatever it was.” The young man shut it down before

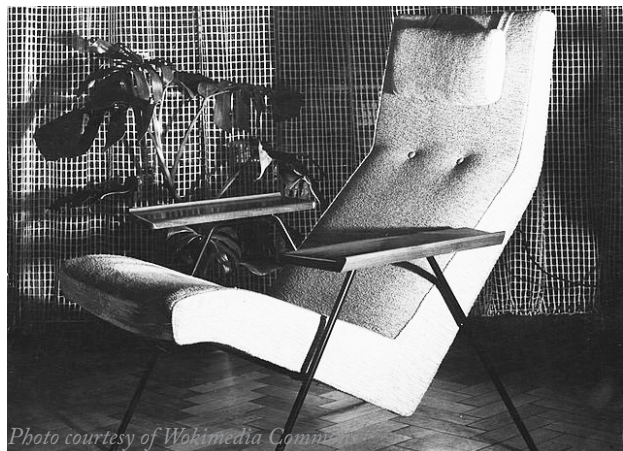


Photo courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

man sighed loudly and dramatically. “Fine,” he groaned. His previous irritation was quickly returning to him. “I invent things, alright? Mostly just weird gadgets without any real purpose. That light you saw was from an ultra-bright flashlight bulb I was working on. I couldn’t quite get it right, though, so I put it in my rubbish pile, but apparently one of my stupid roommates thought it was garbage. I was

it went off again.” Jacob remained silent.

“And it would’ve been fine if you hadn’t shown up,” the boy said. “What were you doing here, anyway?”

Jacob didn’t answer him directly; instead, he was struck by a sudden realization about just what his newfound blindness would mean for him.

“I had a train to catch,” said Jacob. “How am I supposed to get home

from work now? I can’t see where I’m going. I can’t drive my car. What am I going to do?” “Uh ... I could take you up to my apartment,” the young man replied. “Can you walk?”

“Can I walk?”

Jacob repeated sarcastically. “You took my sight. You didn’t amputate my legs.”

Rather than replying, the boy hooked one of his arms under Jacob’s left shoulder and helped him to stand. With Jacob leaning on the stranger for support, the two men staggered off.

Then, suddenly, they stopped again. Jacob heard the sound of a door being opened, and then he felt himself being dragged through it. The pair moved off up a staircase, then down what seemed to be a flat hallway,

until they came to another door.

Less than ten minutes after the boy’s device had gone off, Jacob had been lowered down into a comfy armchair while the younger man went into another room to call for a doctor.

About thirty more minutes later, the apartment door swung open again, and the heavy footfalls of another man came purposefully toward Jacob. Jacob sensed the newcomer halt a few steps away from the armchair and set what sounded like a bag of tools on some nearby surface.

“Hello, sir,” said a gruff, unfamiliar voice. “You’re going to be alright. I’m here to help.”

“About time,” Jacob muttered.

“I’m going to shine a small light

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H-SC SLUDGE REPORT

From the Final Remnant of the Shaken Psyche of the Prime Arbiter of Sludge Omni Tempore, Pro Tempore:
(Jeffrey Hunsaker '23)

Exams Next Week: Church Attendance Skyrockets

“We Could Really Use a New Football Field,” President Stimpert Says to Graduating Seniors.

Satirist, Cartoonist, and News Editor Retire. Editor-in-Chief Wishes He Could Join Them.

Campus Mourns loss of sad, (no longer friendless), loser.

Slacker Seen Heading to Bortz. Nature is healing.

Irish Resident Association Plans to Go Out with a Bang.

Neil deGrasse Ttyson Demotes Hampden-Sydney to Dwarf College.

Satirist Appoints Regency Council.

Bear Grylls to Produce Episode on Surviving 24/7 in Bortz Library

H-SC Begins Offering Tours of Pauley Science Center, Claiming Historic Appearance

Tucker Carlson Fired. H-SC Tiger Announces New Contributor.

Campus Icon Skippy the Squirrel Eaten by Venable Cat.

Tiger Staff Writer Forgets to Write Article; Pays the Price.

Hampden-Sydney Institutes Mandatory Giving Day: It’s Called Tuition.

VA’s Entire Missing Person List Found in Bortz Library for Exam Week

Tiger Den Selects Adderall Delivery Service as Winner. “Just in time,” says cramming freshman.

College Delays 250th Anniversary. Unrelated News: The College Was Actually Founded in 1777.

COGITO HOSTS LECTURE ON JESUS AND THE GYM



JEB TUCKER '26
STAFF WRITER

At 4:00 on April 26, students and faculty gathered on the fourth floor of Bortz Library to see Andrew Borrer of the University of Aberdeen deliver a talk titled Jesus and the Gym: a History of Christian Engagement with Exercise. The opening slide featured a bulky, muscular Jesus, and it only got better from there. The talk included an examination of the Christian motivations for exercise—including which ones were good or bad—and, as the title promises, a history of exercise and its relation to religion.

The Ancient Greeks used gymnasiums for a great many reasons: wrestling, discussion, and lecturing among them. They also did it naked. Our pictures of exercise are heavily changed since then, partially due to their

interactions with Christianity. Exercise today happens in gyms as we know them—specialized arenas for physical growth, without some of the more scholarly or community-driven upsides that gyms once had. Christians looking to exercise must find a way to do so with a motivation other than vanity in mind. Where can this come from, then? Borrer quoted many Christian theologists’ justifications of exercise—he specifically targeted the notions that Jesus was of optimal, toned musculature. In short, He was not. Looking through Scripture lends an image of Jesus that conflicts with the idea that Jesus was 200 pounds and lean. Forty days and nights of fasting and long journeys by foot don’t lend themselves to bodybuilding; just look at marathon runners. The idea of “Muscular Christianity,” the mid-19th cen-

tury idea of athleticism and buff-ness for Jesus that gave birth to basketball, volleyball, and the YMCA, has somewhat run its course, but muscular Christians haven’t. Our body is not our own, Borrer concluded, among other things. It’s sinful not to take care of it. A human soul is invested in a body and a human body is imbued with a soul. The optimal avenue of upkeep Borrer identifies is one of conscious maintenance; there is little justification for aesthetic steroid use, and even creatine starts to become iffy in this regard. There’s also a Christian sense of duty; one ought to be able and prepared to serve any purpose that God has in store. Borrer, a runner himself, believes in exercise, regardless. God gave it too many benefits for Him not to let us do it, says he—as long as we do it for the right reasons.

OPINION

WHERE DO THE PRIORITIES OF PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY LIE? NO MORE CAMPUS PICNICS

GEORGE LANGHAMMER '24
LIFE EDITOR

Prince Edward County was founded in 1754 and, according to the most recent census data, has a population of 21,927. Per their website, the mission of the Board of Supervisors of the County of Prince Edward is “to represent all citizens, provide leadership, create vision and set policy to accomplish positive change and planned growth and to provide essential services, enhancing the quality of life and maintaining fiscal responsibility.” However, recent actions by the Board of Supervisors and Director of Zoning and Community Development, Robert Love, bring this mission into question. Melvin House, an off-campus student living option, has proudly been flying a large American flag over the driveway since the fall semester. Residents of Prince Edward County drove past it daily, and it was one of the first things opposing sports teams saw on their way into campus. The flag was a symbol of what our

students stand for and a reminder of who we are. However, on February 2nd, a letter was sent to the school that the erected flag violated a zoning ordinance, and if no action were taken, the school would be fined. The students living at Melvin house understood they needed to take the flag down because it did violate

so many other issues facing Prince Edward County, why are they pursuing the enforcement of the ordinance, particularly when it is an American Flag. “People die and fight for that flag, not Prince Edward County,” Senator Pastore said. With a plethora of issues facing the county such as qual-

“People die and fight for that flag, not Prince Edward County.”

the county ordinance. However, the residents felt that enforcing such an ordinance was a waste of county resources when there are so many other issues facing Prince Edward County. When interviewed about the ordinance, Melvin resident Dom Pastore '23 said, “As far as I’m concerned the only thing Prince Edward County should ever say to the college is thank you for the economic opportunities.” And “The priorities of Prince Edward County are despicable.” He adamantly expressed that with

ity of education, access to Internet, or economic development, he has a point. Should the county really be focused so heavily on zoning issues when there are more pressing problems that effect citizens on a day-to-day basis? To conclude the interview, Senator Pastore stated, “Prince Edward County has forgotten the State Motto.”

Sic Semper Tyrannis Prince Edward County, a phrase all Virginians should keep in mind.

DANIEL NIVENS '24
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

I suddenly have a great reason to leave campus every single Friday for lunch. Despite having two much improved dining options on campus, it has now become far more convenient for me to travel 15 minutes into town with three or four of my friends to sit and eat at a restaurant. That’s because the administration has decided that we ought to have mandatory picnics instead of normal lunch on Friday. Let’s start with the most obvious problem: a picnic is wildly inconvenient. On Fridays in particular, students often have an incredibly small window in which to



Photo courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

Then, of course, there is the reduction in options. If I am going to eat a hamburger, I want it to be a good hamburger. I have never once grabbed a burger from Moans, and I never plan to. If I wanted a burger, I’d go to Fishin’ Pig or Press Club. We’re in the position with these picnics of burger or bust. And that’s for those of us who can eat meat. For the vegetarians

ning and logistical problems. No one ever told us that these picnics would be occurring. After talking to faculty and staff, none of them were informed either. I vaguely remember seeing a poster on the door of the TI, but I only saw that once I discovered that it was closed on Fridays. If some faculty happened not to bring their lunch on a Friday and don’t have

I will not be attending any of these picnics. The first one was enough for me. The College would be better served by building up goodwill for the event that it seems they actually care about—the One Brotherhood Dinner.

grab lunch. Many guys grab to-go boxes at the Moans and take lunch with them to class, and even more of them do a quick grab-n-go at the Tiger Inn. We don’t have the benefit of a convocation period of Fridays—we need a variety of quick options for those of us whose class schedules don’t allow us to waste an hour on Chalgrove Point.

or pescatarians on campus, the option suddenly becomes an aggressively mediocre and dried out veggie burger. One of the great things about Meriwether Godsey has been the rotation of menus so that students are not stuck eating the same things day after day. That benefit is completely lost on Fridays. Then there are the actual plan-

time to leave campus due to a meeting schedule, what are they supposed to do?

Alongside the picnics, we also seem to have decided that TI will be closed for breakfast as well. Many guys have 8:30s and can’t make it to Moans in the morning for a full breakfast. Meriweather has added the extremely popular grab-n-go break-

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COMMENCEMENT, CONT'D

at Moderna. Scott Nickerson “spoke at the dedication for the Pauley Science Center” recounts Dr. Stimpert. The honorary degrees, like the degrees given to students, have to be approved by a committee of faculty and the board of trustees. On commencement day, graduating students will assemble near the Bell Tower. They will line up and

from the tower they will walk to Venable for the ceremony. Venable Hall has been under renovation this semester but the building should be available for graduation, as stipulated in the contract with the company doing the construction. The facade is set to be finished by that point and the fencing around the front to be moved.

Other than baccalaureate and commencement, the College typically does not plan other events during the week of graduation. “What we’ve learned in the past is that the guys like to go away,” says Director of College Events Cameron Cary. Since there are usually few students on campus, the College usually only plans for the two main events.

ALCOHOL AWARENESS, CONT'D

vide care to Prince Edward County. He ended with a heartfelt appeal to the student body. “You don’t have to figure it out on your own. Look out for

the three Cs of Substance Abuse Disorder: Compulsion, Control, and Consequences.” Finally, “if people are telling you there might be a problem, listen

to them.” Don’t let you friend wave off concerns with an “I’m not an alcoholic; I’m in college.” Be you brother’s keeper.



Join the team.
Write for *The Tiger*.

Contact newspaper@hsc.edu for more information.

THE BACK PAGE

TIGER TALES, CONT'D

in your eyes,” the doctor instructed. “I need you to let me know whether or not you can see it.”

When the doctor’s light went on, all Jacob could see was a smudge of lighter gray against the void that was his field of vision. He could track its movement with his eyes, but he couldn’t make out its shape.

“Yes, sir,” the doctor eventually concluded. “You’ve gone blind, alright.” “Is there anything we can do?” Jacob asked desperately. “I don’t know,” said the doctor. “I’d have to examine the device that caused this. We can still hope that its effects are only temporary. Young man, you said you were also caught in the blast of light. How is it that you haven’t gone blind?” “He didn’t know to protect his eyes,” the young man put in. “I did, so it didn’t affect me.” “But what am I supposed to do?” Jacob blurted out again. “I have an office job. I have to get home. I can’t just put my life on hold!” “Do you have any sick days you can take?” the doctor asked. “A few,” replied Jacob. “Then take them,” the doctor told him. “Your office will understand. I’m sure it won’t be a problem for this nice young man to accommodate you here for the time being?” “I suppose it’s the least I could do,” the boy said, d i s h e a r t e n e d . “Very well,” the doctor said. “In that case, I’ll be back tomorrow morning. If your blindness is the only problem you’re experiencing, we can afford to wait and see what happens.” And the doctor took his tools and left. For the rest of the day, Jacob remained in the armchair. His reluctant host brought him a sandwich, which he managed to eat without losing too much of his digni-

ty. When night had fallen, the boy made sure to recline the chair so Jacob would be more comfortable while he slept. Jacob spent the night in an uneasy, fitful dream. Cloudy figures seemed to dance before his eyes, unfocused memories of the sights he had used to take in as he moved through his daily life. He felt as though they were taunting him, allowing him to remember the visual brilliance of a world he could no longer access with his senses. Would he ever be able to see again? And, perhaps more importantly, what would he do if he couldn’t? Only one thing was for sure: he would never be able to take anything for granted ever again. As a new thought came to him, Jacob could have laughed. It was ironic, that only after he had been blinded had he truly found the ability to see.

MUSICALE, CONT'D

the Musicale help bring the Hampden-Sydney music program into the spotlight. The school does not have a music major, but the students who performed at the Spring 2023 Musicale were obviously dedicated. They are still pursuing what they love to the extent that they can.

Even if only a few students pursue music academically, the wider Hampden-Sydney community still appreciates good music. Many came out to support the music students on Wednesday, and I hope that many more will come out to the next Musicale. It will certainly be interesting to see what the students decide to perform next.

PICNICS, CONT'D

fast sandwiches, and now guys who rely on them can’t have them on Fridays. For me, I open at the library at 8 AM on Fridays, and I’ve been having a friend grab me a sandwich on his way to work. Tough luck for me. (Additionally, I’ve been told that the ladies who work in the TI had their hours cut without notice for these picnics. That hardly seems fair to Ms. Tony, Ms. Gloria, Carolina, and Ms. Denise, who are universally beloved on campus).

Allegedly, the purpose of these picnics is to get guys “out of their rooms into nature and get them socializing!” A noble purpose, but perhaps one that we should accomplish through making the event worth attending rather than by coercion. I will not be attending any of these picnics. The first one was enough for me. The College would be better served by building up goodwill for the event that it seems they actually care about—the One Brotherhood Dinner. I won’t touch on my thoughts about that event here, but it will suffice to say that I will not be in attendance.

END-OF-THE-YEAR EDITORIAL POETRY: NEEDS MORE EDITING....

That New Religion
Richard Jones '25

Burned-out slums refurbished
With lights, cameras, guitars
Spoken word laced with autotune
Replacing old church choirs
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled with heavenly chaw
Spit upon the unworthy
As they enter God’s hall

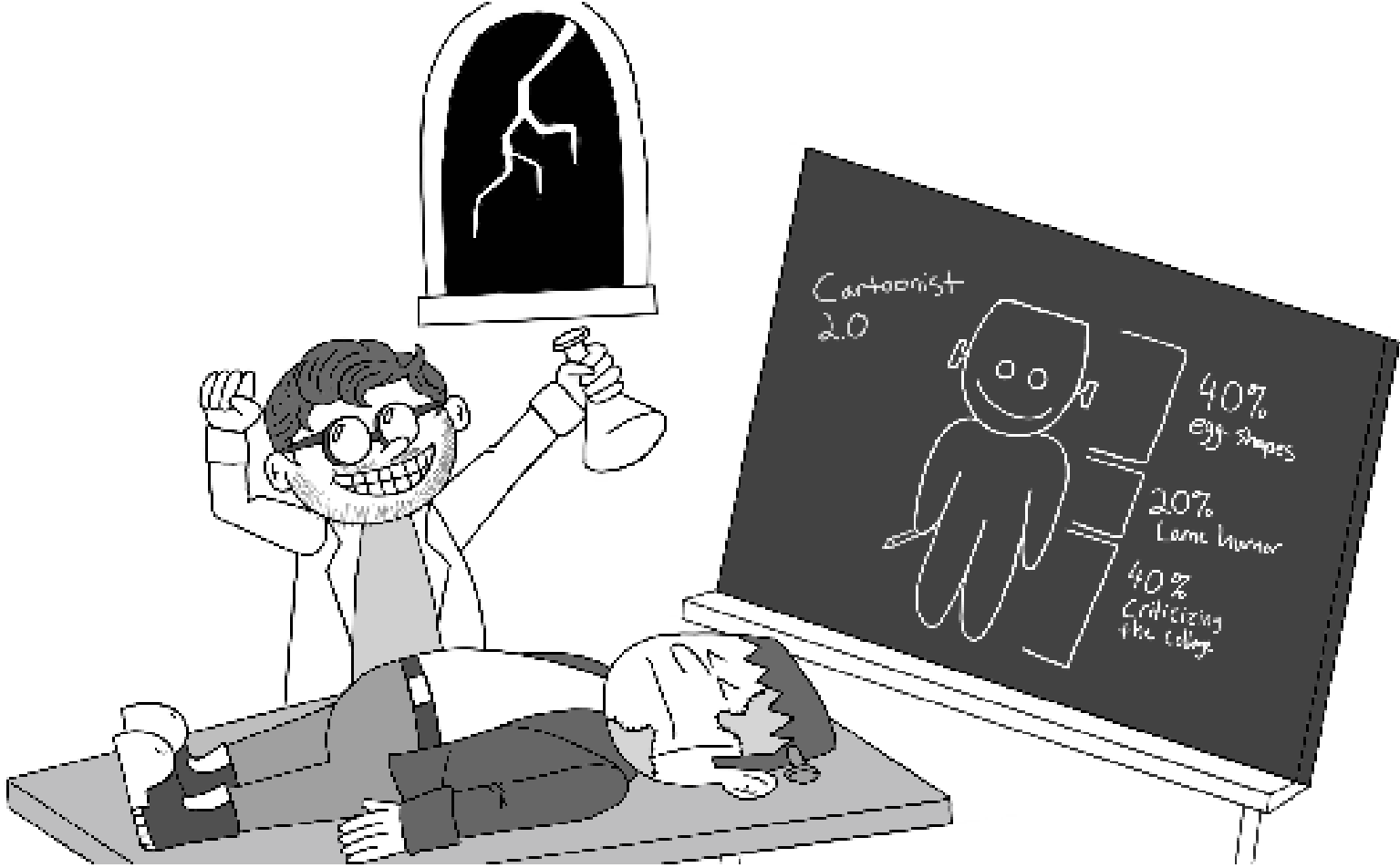
They crown themselves with halos Napoleon-style
Tripping each other up in a race for God’s grace
With Satan laughing all the while
Couldn’t stand to be around them
Couldn’t bear to hear the Word in a rancid tone said
Wouldn’t drink the Kool-aid
Had to leave for greener pastures while my soul was yet undead

On Poetry
Daniel Nivens '24

O Poetry, finest of the arts;
Why are you dressed in the white
of those whose lives are gone?
Dismissed by school marms
and those deaf to a clever rhyme,
when again will be your time?
How many poets, a gleam in
their young eye, have never even begun
for fear of all the public may shun
and all that life may punish?
How many sonnets, couplets, haikus
have gone without voice or song?
Write, then, your poetry, a mistress
cruel. Yet worth every bruise.

SAMUEL ROBELEN '23
CARTOONIST

Cartoon



WITH HIS CARTOONIST GRADUATING, THE H-SC TIGER EDITOR TURNS TO UNORTHODOX HIRING METHODS...